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Edited by { WILLIAM C. GANNETT *and* FRED. L. HOSMER

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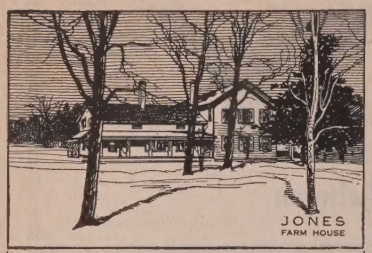

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1915. NUMBER 4

ON THE FAIR DAY.

God went into the market-place of the world on a great fair-day.
All the stalls were kept by priests, who kept crying to the crowd:
"Which god will you buy?"
"Mine is the only true god."
"Hold to the god of your ancestors."
"My god compromises with sin and sells you indulgences."
"My god is easy-going."
"My god is profitable."
"My god is fashionable."
"Come buy with gold."
"Come buy with observances."
"Come buy with trumpetings."
And God turned wearily away and said to the stars:
"How long it takes mankind to grow up."

—*Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne.*

The Way of the Lord.

At Home Again

Before this reaches our readers the editorial sanctum and its complement of workers will be back again at the Lincoln Centre and will be doing business at the old stand, all the better equipped, we hope, for the three months of sojourn at Tower Hill, the place of the whip-poor-will and other riverside and forest lovers.

The "Tower Hill Letters" from time to time have hinted at the activities as well as the "restivities" of the UNITY editorial corps. For twenty-five years UNITY has reported the activities of the Tower Hill Summer School, which has kept on in its uninterrupted course. Only one year (the Exposition year) did the Tower Hill Summer School go from home when it was held in Chicago, doing altar service of hospitality at the shrine of universal religion during the great Parliament season. We have come to a good time to stop and take account of stock, a good time to close one era and to lay plans for a new one, which plans are already in process of formulation.

These things abide at Tower Hill—the never-failing river, the ever-gracious lines of bluffs and valleys, the ever-shifting colors of forest, cornfield and alfalfa, and the growing trees.

And there ever abides these intangible realities in the Tower Hill of the spirit. City trained people of over-taxed nerves and weary brains who seek not release but recreation, a place not for dissipation or indolence but for restorative work, a place to study and dream. The dream of twenty-five years abides, a perennial lure. Perhaps success is not the word, unless the quarter of a century sustained quest is in itself an achievement. Certainly during this quarter of a century many changes in personnel, surface changes in interests and issues, but the same questions of humanity, the same problems of the spirit, the same struggle between dogma and reason in religion, between sectarianism and the unrimmed brotherhood of love, between sobriety and dissipation, peace and war problems, concerning the rights of labor, of women, of children and the aged, abide. And we are coming back from Tower Hill to Chicago to continue the work in the old way, with perhaps a little more wisdom and renewed strength and unabated conviction.

Great thanks are due to the patience of our readers and the unflagging loyalty of the Chicago workers, particularly the patient printers who have made UNITY visits possible with but little irregularity and with so few mistakes typographically and otherwise. We are doing business at the old stand in the old way, where we welcome our friends as usual.

Dwight B. Heard, president of the American Live Stock Association, furnishes an interesting article in the September *Review of Reviews* on "Public Grazing Lands; The Range Homestead." Of the many attempts to solve the great questions of lands not fit for agriculture, he tells us that the bill introduced in the last Congress by William Kent, of California, is the "most complete, just and reasonable yet introduced." It provides for grazing districts upon the unreserved and unappropriated public lands, authorizes the issuance of grazing permits, including the right to fence for not to exceed ten years and provides for the payment ot fees, 25 per cent of which goes to the district in which the grazing lands are situated, for the benefit of public schools and public roads in the same section. To carry out such a project will necessarily involve much technical wisdom and rigid regulation, but the great thing is to have the principle once recognized, that in all of nature's resources there are two fundamental proprietary rights: First, the rights of the occupant, the man who sweats and saves and develops; the other, the public, humanity, as represented by governments through whose sanction and protection the settler is able to carry on his work.

That is a hopeful and wise, though a somewhat belated step, taken by Secretary Lansing when he

called in the representatives of six of the great South American republics to confer over the Mexican situation and to take cautiously but wisely the steps that will enable them to play the part of the kind, helpful "Big Brothers."

The Sunday School Association, with its headquarters at 216 Metropolitan Tower, New York City, announces that up to September 1, about 340,000 copies of the New Testament have been sent to the soldiers of Europe, most of them the gifts of children who were aroused by the slogan, "A million nickels from a million Sunday school scholars for a million Testaments for a million soldiers." Bless the little children! Bless the good intentions; but, brethren, is it not much like locking the barn when the horse is stolen? Rather late in the day to preach the gospel of love in the trenches protected by tangles of barbed wire.

Collier's is hopeful over woman's suffrage. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts are to vote on the question this Fall. It says: "It is perhaps too much to expect that these states will all vote in favor of suffrage, and yet there seems not much doubt of the final result." Politics becomes more and more a matter of humanity and civics and domestic economy, and the arguments against woman suffrage are becoming meaner and more archaic year by year. There is danger that even men rational on this subject will be stampeded this Fall by the superficial militarism which has taken possession of immense sections of our journalistic and business world. This fear of a war, this dread of hypothetical enemies which have not turned up in a hundred years, may revive again in the heart of panic-stricken men the old argument that they only should vote who are capable of fighting. The true meaning of this war points to a very different conclusion. Now, more than ever before, the place of force in the economy of governments is subordinated to the powers of reason and of love, because woman is unperverted by the use of bullets, unused to the bayonet, she is all the more competent to help supplant the bullet by the ballot and the bayonet by the weapons of reason and love.

Meadville Theological School celebrated its seventy-first anniversary on September 22 and 23, which was also the opening of the school year. The Rev. John Howland Lathrop, B. D., preached the anniversary sermon on Wednesday evening in the school chapel and Prof. W. W. Fenn, D. D., dean of the Harvard Divinity School, gave the commencement address at 10 a. m. the following morning.

The eighth World Sunday School Convention, fixed by the seventh World Convention, held in Zurich in 1913, for Tokyo for 1916, has been postponed to a date "soon after the close of the war." Sadly indefinite, pathetically impotent! Here is an attempt to rally the Christian forces of the world under the banner of the "Prince of Peace," adjourning indefinitely that Thor and Odin and Mars and all pagan gods of primitive life may have full sway. If ever there was a need of a "*World* Sunday School Convention," it would seem to be now. Is there no corner of the world safe from the domination of the "civilization" of the horn, the fang, the claw and the iron hoof?

There is something very naive in the studied artlessness of these "Citizens' Training Camps," where the favored sons, not of toil but of business, men of leisure and of wealth, scions of the slowly-forming American aristocracy, the barons of prosperity, submit themselves to a few days of "military discipline" with the patriotic purpose of preparing themselves to be officers of volunteers in case of a war and to offer a commendable example of patriotism and self-sacrifice to the men who, lower down, will have to do the killing, and in the main be the killed, should war ever come. We are not unmindful of the patriotism back of this and the good intentions, but we would respectfully suggest that it is easy to over-estimate this valor and, if experience of the past means anything, these men now so willing to play at soldiering will represent a negligible element in the lines that will march and dig and die should the dire test arise. This willingness to prepare themselves for official positions in a supposable war reminds one of the patriotism of Artemus Ward. During the war that tried the manhood of North and South he proposed to the Government to raise a regiment of brigadier-generals because he noticed the great number of men who were willing to serve in that capacity. Says the *American Review of Reviews* of September in a sympathetic and appreciative note:

> Some 1,200 men, remarkable for intelligence and character, have been giving a month for intense technical military instructions, *because they believe that in so doing they are setting a good example, and fulfilling a duty to the country that they love.*

The italics are ours. This journal, in further comment, says:

> The citizen who would oppose the enlargement of those resources, by the voluntary effort and self-sacrifice of the kind of men who went to Plattsburg last month, cannot maintain the slightest pretext to consistency unless he goes so far as to advocate the disbanding of the United States army. He must favor the dismantling of our fortifications and coast defenses, and oppose the appropriation of a single dollar for the further maintenance of the military establishment.

We are ready within the limits of reason and practicality to accept what our exchange would consider

a *reducto ad absurdum,* the dismantling of fortifications, the disbanding of armies and the reducing of the number of battleships is the sober opportunity and duty of these United States, leaving only such ships and soldiers as are necessary to fill our quota in the International Army and Navy that is to serve the only legitimate function of force, namely, police service, a power used to enforce the mandates of international laws formulated by international congresses and enforce the decisions of competent international courts. These are the only steps that will lift nations out of the medieval ethics of dueling and mob law into the twentieth century civilization based on reason, justice, law as interpreted by adequately high tribunals and enforced by an adequate international police. This is not madness, most noble Festus!

Another "Trust"

There is an *"International* Lyceum Association" which recently held a convention in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, which, according to the newspaper reports, undertook to read the riot act to various lyceum bureaus and chautauqua boards not to lend themselves to further any causes or speakers whose "expenses are met partly or wholly by appropriations from sources outside of the control of the movement itself." This practice, according to the opinion of the resolvers by a vote of 118 to 21, was called "a menace to the freedom and independence of the platform." Has it come to this? Have the "Attractions" of lyceum and chautauqua platforms come to a "Labor Union" basis; is the great secular pulpit of America, the open forum which so delighted Emerson as a great school of democracy, a mighty factor in public education, come to this mercenary basis? One of the most interesting episodes in the life of Emerson is that in which he exerted his influence and showed his business sagacity in trying to persuade Thomas Carlyle to come to America to avail himself of this great opportunity to speak to open minds, to break through convention and deliver a prophetic message. It was the boast of Edward Everett Hale that the chautauqua movement had come to continue, to enlarge and fulfil the promise of that lyceum movement which carried Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Collyer, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone and their kind from one end of our country to the other, delivering their message primarily for the sake of the message rather than the money involved. Wendell Phillips has testified that his greatest efficiency as a lecturer was reached when his income averaged but twenty-five dollars a night.

The anti-slavery, prohibition and woman's suffrage contentions have been carried on largely by men and women of brains, with the power of speech, making common cause with men and organizations who had money and were interested in ideas. The great missionary movements of the world have been and are propagated by just this combination of devoted capital united with devoted brain.

This resolution, so delightfully general in its phraseology, was inspired by the horrible discovery that some lyceums and chautauquas were anxious to hear men and women who are willing to discuss the most living issue of the day, that of Peace versus War, these men and women being made available to a certain extent to the communities interested by the aid of funds of the Carnegie and other Foundations and organizations set apart for this propaganda.

It has been evident for some time that in certain quarters there is an attempt to institutionalize the chautauqua and lyceum movements, that thereby they may be more effectively commercialized. These "Attractions" and "Talents" ask for a monopoly of the lecture field, and now they propose to dictate the subjects. Instead of becoming servants of the public to receive their orders from the local committees, here is an effort to make them dictators to the local managers.

This resolution, as we understand it, would exclude from the lyceum and chautauqua business all discussions of temperance, peace and war, suffrage or politics, unless all the expenses involved were met by local contributions and incidentally the Bureau percentage included.

This broad statement of the fact seems so puerile, not to say imbecile, to the present writer that we suspect that the newspaper reporter either misrepresents or misunderstood. Are all missionary societies, whether their money is expended in publications or in the human voice, to be excluded from the high enterprises of communities to educate themselves on living issues at such times and places most favorable to a large hearing? This "movement" of the "Talent," perhaps unwittingly, is an attempt to organize a "closed shop" in the higher industries of brain working among the unorganized sympathies and inquiring aptitudes of the public mind. It would seem to be parallel to an attempt to encourage the reading of books by making them as inaccessible as possible. If the town is willing to accept from Carnegie a library, or a church organ, is it very disgraceful for an organization that tries to cater to the intellectual needs of the locality to accept the co-operation of Carnegie or, in this case, any organization of intelligent men and women, to present the imperative demand of the age, to find some other means of settling the disputes between

nations than by the outgrown method of the pugilist and the barbarian?

We are not surprised to find that the leader in this discussion, according to the paper, was Frank Dixon, brother of Thomas Dixon, author of "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman," books of unsavory reputation. Perhaps pugnacity runs in the family. The freedom of the pistol and the training of the gun is suggested by this panic over the fact that "Miss Jane Addams and some twenty other lecturers are offered to lyceum bureaus by the Carnegie Foundations!" Is this a horrible menace to the peace of the United States? Is this falling into the hands of "cowards," "mollycoddles," "sissies," the "peace-at-any-price" kind of men and women?

Don't be scared, brethren! When you build a fence around your "attractions" and your "talents," you still have among you the "funny" men, your bell-ringers and your tumblers. Build, if you can, a wall between you and the men and organizations that are anxious to make common cause with the local committees in bringing the message of the Prince of Peace down to date and apply the same to national and international affairs, as well as to individual lives.

If you wall them out, there will still remain local committees, schools and churches to take up the work and the "open shop" methods will obtain when they arrange their courses of public lectures if need be without the help of "bureaus," "boards" and "International Lyceum Associations." These 118 men may be afraid of internationalizing peace and are unwilling to promote the last and most needed sociological synthesis, namely, a co-operation of the men of money and the men of thought, industry and science, business and morality, pooling their resources in the interest of the things that abide, the things that unite, things that diminish hate and increase love in the world. We cannot believe that the "managers of lyceum bureaus and of chautauquas" appealed to in this resolution are so blind to the interest of the communities they would serve, so cowardly in their attitude to the peace movement, as to be much affected by this appeal from their "Talents" and their "Attractions" who have arrogated the high-sounding title of "Internation Lyceum Association." They may find few dealers who will be willing to "sell" their "Attractions" and "Talents" as men sell huckleberries in crates of marketable size and quality. But the cause of peace will be heard and the men and women devoted to this cause will find a hearing. When the chautauquas and the lyceums will become "closed-shop industries," these communities will find other means of hearing the discussion of unpopular causes. Mighty capitalistic combines are busy in fostering the war spirit at home and abroad. It is high time that the forces of peace should combine in the interest of the Kingdom of Love.

AMONG THE FERNS

I lay among the ferns,
Where they lifted their fronds, innumerable, in the greenwood wilderness—like wings winnowing the air;
And their voices went past me continually.

And I listened, and lo! softly inaudibly raining I heard not the voices of the ferns only, but of all living creatures:
Voices of mountain and star,
Of cloud and forest and ocean,
And the little rills tumbling amid the rocks,
And of the high tops where the moss-beds are and the springs arise.
As the wind at midday rains whitening over the grass,
As the night-bird glimmers a moment, fleeting between the lonely watcher and the moon,
So softly inaudibly they rained,
Where I sat silent.
And in the silence of the greenwood I knew the secret of the growth of the ferns:
I saw their delicate leaflets tremble, breathing an undescribed and unuttered life;
And, below, the ocean lay sleeping;
And round them the mountains and the stars dawned in glad companionship forever.
And a voice came to me, saying:
In every creature, in forest and ocean, in leaf and tree and bird and beast and man, there moves a spirit other than its mortal own,
Pure, fluid, as air—intense as fire,
Which looks abroad and passes along the spirits of all other creatures, drawing them close to itself,
Nor dreams of other law than that of perfect equality;
And this is the spirit of immortality and peace.

And whatsoever creature has this spirit, to it no harm may befall:
No harm can befall, for wherever it goes it has its nested home, and to it every loss comes charged with an equal gain;
It gives—but to receive a thousand-fold;
It yields its life—but at the hands of love;
And death is the law of its eternal growth.
And I saw that was the law of every creature—that this spirit should enter in and take possession of it,
That it might have no more fear or doubt or be at war within itself any longer.

And lo! in the greenwood all around me it moved,
Where the sunlight floated fragrant under the boughs, and the fern-fronds winnowed the air;
In the oak-leaves dead of last year, and in the small shy things that rustled among them;
In the songs of the birds, and the broad shadowing leaves overhead;
In the fields sleeping below, and in the river and the high dreaming air;
Gleaming ecstatic it moved—with joy incarnate.
And it seemed to me, as I looked, that it penetrated all these things, suffusing them,
And wherever it penetrated, behold! there was nothing left down to the smallest atom which was not a winged spirit instinct with life.

—*Edward Carpenter.*

In Poems and Lyrics of Nature, Scribner.

Latest International Eisteddfod

A retrospective view of any great event is far safer and saner than a too near view. Several days have passed since the massive doors of the magnificent auditorium at the civic center of San Francisco closed on the performance of "The Messiah," and the adjudication upon the chief choral contest for the grand prize of $10,000, following the performance, was given by Professor E. D. Lloyd, of the London Royal Academy of Music, and Professor Ernest F. Kroeger, of St. Louis, Mo. It is just as well to state right here, that after an exhaustive adjudication on the technical features of the singing of the two choirs, the Oakland Choral Society under the leadership of Professor Alexander Stewart, and the Chicago Haydn Choral Society under the leadership of H. W. Owens, Mus. Bac., by Professor Lloyd, and an admirable "summing up" of the vocal qualities, the shading of each choir, their merits and demerits in articulation and enunciation, and in the all-important matter of interpretation—the goal of all art—by Professor Kroeger, the final announcement was that it was the unanimous opinion of the board of judges that the prize should be equally divided.

It is believed by many that these excessively large prizes have seen their "last appearance" in the programs of Eisteddfodic competitions, and that they are very detrimental to right musical thinking and to artistic choral and instrumental work. The work of true study of, and dwelling in the many mansions of God's great art, cannot be measured by small or large "money bags." The very thought and sight of many of these prize "money bags" poison the spiritual atmosphere or art. Small prizes as a stimulus or encouragement offered to young talented students may be justified. It is pathetic to think and know that many such students need such encouragement, but it is a thousand times more pathetic to know that the winning of even small prizes in competition, has proven to be "stumbling blocks" in the literary and musical careers of many talented young people.

On the other hand, let us consider the good results of Eisteddfodic work. It must not be overlooked that the cardinal principle underlying the true Eisteddfod purpose and spirit is, that it helps thousands of competitors to "find themselves"—finding their true sphere in life. Who can estimate the amount of good accomplished by what we may term the first, second and third year of the Eisteddfod courses and described as follows?—the first year course is that of the village or church "Cwrdd Llenyddol" (literary meeting), wherein children are inculcated with the spirit and love of song and recitation—parents who neglect the instruction given in the first year are looked upon as doing the grossest injustice to their children; the second year course is that of the local Eisteddfod wherein young men and women are inspired to undertake the higher studies of declamation, reading publicly at first sight selections of prose, poetry, solo and quartet. Choral work, also, is a part of the work of such a course; the third year course is, as should be, work which is now done in the state and national Eisteddfod, wherein prizes are offered for the best essays, poems, novels, translations, orations, declamation, and for the best performance of musical numbers, ranging from the solo on to the best works of the masters in music, vocally and instrumentally, and who, again, can estimate the good results of such studies and performances?

But what of the fourth—and graduating—year of the Eisteddfod work? The Eisteddfod does not graduate its students—it is a school of preparatory work, so to speak; it gives no titles, and its diplomas are the words of commendation, or inspiration, and of prizes awarded by adjudicators of renowned scholarship.

Who can count the numbers of those who have been given the impetus to choose a vocal, pianistic, or literary career, yea, the thousands who have been inspired to study for the ministerial work, because they "found themselves" somewhere in the efforts they made in one or more of the "courses," to excel in study and accomplishment? The great pulpit lights of the principality of today, almost all of them, are children of the Eisteddfod. Those who have excelled as musical composers, singers and choral directors, all of them, are children of the Eisteddfod.

The hundreds of instructors—the Welsh men and women of the last century and today who have graced and are now gracing the faculty lists of colleges and universities, almost all of them were "awakened into life" by the exercises of the "Cwrdd Llenyddol" of some unknown little church among the hills of Wales, and were led on their upward career by the loving hand of the Eisteddfod, until they were strong enough to walk alone firmly and erect into eminence and fame. Is it any wonder that one of the bards of Wales, in a moment of ecstasy over the Eisteddfodic array of Welsh talent, exclaimed:

"O thou cradle of the homeland,
O thou nursery of our children,
O thou mother of uplifting power;
O thou hand of inspiring aid,
O thou college of the common hosts,
Thou hast made Gwalia a sea of song,
Thy voice is heard in every land,
Thy children love thee in all lands,
Thy name is graven on our hearts,
Thy faults are few and far between,
We hardly see them in our love—
We love thee still. We love thee still."

—William ApMadoc.

In addition to the foregoing article, the editor of UNITY believes that the following extract from the San Francisco *Chronicle's* report of the first day of the Eisteddfod will be interesting:

CEREMONIES OF BADIC GORSEDD

Descendants of Old Welsh Tribes Gather in Grove Like Ancient Druids

For the third time in America the ceremonies of the Gorsedd were held. The occasion was yesterday morning, and though the ancient custom of Cambria got the Bards up in time to tread the dew on the morning grass, we have sufficiently improved to postpone the meeting until the civilized hour of 10 o'clock. But at 10 o'clock sharp the descendants of Wales' ancient tribes met in the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park and there with an escort of honor composed of the local Order of Druids, marched to a

grove near the Hayes street entrance of the park where William ApMadoc of Chicago occupied the Logan Stone, which centered twelve other stones, rough hewn, and called the ceremonial to order.

The significance of much of the Gorsedd has departed with the hundreds of years which have passed since the days when Julius Caesar himself and his invading hosts might have witnessed it had they been bold enough.

This much was interestingly revealed, however, to the unCeltic and non-Cymric mind. The Gorsedd is the initial meeting of the Eisteddfod. The latter is the council of the Bards and the rulers of ancient Wales. Centering a circle of twelve rough-hewn stones was the Logan Stone of the Arch Druid, who yesterway was William ApMadoc.

He explained briefly the traditions of the Gorsedd, which meant, he said, the "supreme seat," and typified the central ruling power, which came from the three ruling orders—the Ovates, the Bards and the Druids. They authorized the opening of the Eisteddfod, the character of which was threefold. There was the Royal Eisteddfod, during which the rulers made and amended the laws; there was the Eisteddfod of Justice, where criminal and civil cases were tried, and there was the Bardic Eisteddfod, which the forthcoming sessions will be, and at which the arts of the original Welsh were forwarded and handicraftsmen were encouraged.

It became thus a sort of intellectual clearing house or a national commencement day, and as no Bard ever wore a weapon or permitted one to be worn in his presence, The Bardic Eisteddfod for countless years has been identified with the peaceful pursuits of life, in these later days being much given to the development of music, the preservation of the language of ancient Wales and the encouragement of poetry in the language of Kymry, as well as of painting and sculpture and racial oratory.

Names of candidates for Bardic honors were called for yesterday, and they will be taken into the sacred ring at the concluding ceremony of the "chairing," which will close the Gorsedd and the Eisteddfod next Friday morning at the same hour and place which witnessed the interesting ceremonials of yesterday.

Surrounding the Archdruid ApMadoc, who is the director of music in the public schools of Chicago, were a notable gathering of Welshmen from all over the world.

The speakers were Mark Cohen, from New Zealand; Robert Bell, another delegate from New Zealand; Rev. E. M. Jones, Sydney, Australia; John C. Watkins; C. A. Guglielmoni, who, as the grand secretary of the benevolent order of Druids, urged a closer acquaintance between his organization and the people whose customs the order of Druids seeks to perpetuate; John Ford; Richard Jones of Berkeley, who red an original poem in the ancient language of Wales; Berwyn Evans, who also read a poem, the translation of whose alliterative lines was a greeting to the Western Eisteddfod; and Rev. Dr. Nichols of Medera, who admitted, smilingly, the impossibility of finding English words for his fiery British speech.

The opening and closing prayers were spoken by Dr. Thomas, which, said ApMadoc, can hardly be improved upon as an appeal to the Almighty.

This is the prayer:

"Grant, O God, thy protection,
And, in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding,
And in understanding, knowledge,
And in knowledge, knowledge of the just,
And in the knowledge of the just, the love of it,
And in that love, the love of all existences,
And in the love of all existence, the love of God, God and all goodness."

Perhaps some music lovers feared that a "competition" in song would be a fearsome thing, and so remained away from the first formal session yesterday afternoon of the Eisteddfod. If that was their opinion and if they were alarmed about "adjudicators," and trials and boys' bands and speeches, as indeed the writer was inclined to be, they may be reassured, for it was a delightful afternoon, not tedious at all, but exhilarating, and possessing some of the elements of real excitement.

In the Civic Auditorium there were few Welsh on the platform when the singing was under way, and that is a misfortune which we must blame to the war. The Chicago Ladies' Choir came fresh and daintily from the train which had just reached here from the interocean metropolis; the choral ladies from Tacoma, who included, unless I'm mistaken, a pretty little Indian maid, who sang a beautiful soprano, were on hand early to contest for the $1,000, and the members of the Paul Steindorff's Ladies' Choral Society from Oakland and H. B. Pasmore's Brahms Club of this city, completed the quartet of choruses in the big competition of the day.

Rev. Dr. J. S. Thomas of this city introduced the mayor, who welcomed the Welsh hosts. Dr. Thomas and Joseph E. Thomas presided and Professor William ApMadoc handled much of the business of the afternoon, all of it with the finest humor imaginable, discounting the assertion I have sometimes heard urged, that the Welsh lack a sense of humor. ApMadoc's humor is racy and abounding.

Nations and the Individual

Why should not a nation set before herself the same ethical standard that should govern the individual? It was the great Kant (not Nietzsche) who, 150 years ago, said to the individual: "Act so you will be willing that your action should become a universal law." Should not a nation so act that her action may become a universal law for all nations?

An individual should seek to give to those about him the spirit of freedom and the chance to live and work. He should help them to attain complete justice. And a nation should seek to give to those nations about her the spirit of freedom and the chance to live and work. She should help them to attain complete justice.

An individual should not use or exploit another man for his own power or glory. Neither should a nation use or exploit another nation for her own power or glory. We recognize that the individual is in a deep sense responsible for those about him. So the nation is not only responsible for the masses within her borders, but also for those nations, especially the weaker ones, that lie outside her borders. As it is the individual's duty to carry his brother's burden, share his joy and sorrow, it is the nation's duty to help carry the burdens of the feebler nations, to share their joys and sorrows. And if it is wrong for the individual to be extravagant, and sit down to a luxurious breakfast or dinner, while there are those about him who lack bread and fire, it is wrong for the nation to be extravagant and to live luxuriously when multitudes outside her borders are perishing. It is the duty of the strong to submit to privation, to give up ease and luxury, to live simply and use his means for the good of all. Jesus said, and how true His words are, that the great must become servants of all.

Now, the strength of an individual isn't only in his physical arm, his money, but in his intelligence, his aspirations, his character. And the strength of the nation is not in her fleets and armies, in her wealth and numbers. The strength of a nation is in her inventions which increase the supplies of food, clothing and shelter and lighten human toil; in those things which make the people stronger, happier, more beautiful and more intelligent; in her philosophy, science, agriculture, art, government and religion. And these gifts and qualities are not for herself only, they should be for all mankind, for this is the meaning and prayer of democracy:

The prayer that every caste may yield
To pure fraternity,
Above all tyrannies shall flower
The rose of liberty.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

A Functional View of World Peace*

1. *World is a Society.*—While each nation claims separate, final sovereignty, there is no sharp line between defense and offense; competition will seem aggression. World peace is a function of a world society. The world *is a society.* The chimpanzee lives in a society; the first family was a society; but few recognize the world as a society. Man undergoes unconscious and conscious evolution, slowly adjusting him to wider environments; but even in the reflective period of Greece, conditions for apprehending the world as a social organism were wanting; hence other nations were barbarian; to enslave them was consonant with Heraclitus' logos and Aristotle's absolute reason.

Paul had the thought of the members of the new order in functional relation; so Menenius in early Rome. But the mediæval doctrine of depravity depreciated society as compared with the miraculous City of God. Stoics and Roman moralists taught sympathy regardless of nationality, but thought of the world state as too abstract a universal reason. The notion of humanity was enlarged by Alexander, the Roman world power, Plato, and the Hebrews, though restricted by the theocracy; while universalistic Buddhism was absorbed in "saving the individual into Nirvana." Mediæval Christianity, beyond theology and narrow politics, might reveal the Kingdom of God as the heart of social progress, but often meant the Church as the sun and the State as moon, or—Dante—both as binary stars; not the world of men and women; their reason was regarded all awry. Literary humanism, as in Plato, More, and Campanella, we omit.

2. *The Modern Age Slowly Acquires a Sense of the World as a Society.*—The renaissance and the dissolution of feudalism ushered in the modern world. This revival of humanism—now less aristocratic and other worldly than in antiquity—with its phases such as: Dignity of labor, hence secularization of morals with widening worth of man; freedom of thought applied to human and humane interests; hence science and democracy; the rise of cities, states, exploration, printing and all factors of socialization simultaneously or successively multiplying the individual's opportunities with discovery of new worlds and "the progress of the suns," also deepened the plastic *nations'* will to expand. Therefore the notion of a concrete world society is slowly rounding in form; for renascent vision means prevision of growing functional adaptation; not the "ghostly ballot of bloodless categories" of absolute reason in history, but the "weak, underdeveloped, fallible reason of actual men."

Grotius, founder of international law, sought to bring nations and individuals under the domination of ethics (1583-1645). Philosophers like Herder and Schiller (1789) suggested a world state in the age of reason. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Comte founded sociology and dealt with humanity as an actual historical society—the end of conduct.

The process was hastened by the reformation and eighteenth century revolutions, so far as they advanced functional democracy; not atomism, but federated or represented "masses," the alternative being: "I am admiral of the Atlantic" (Kaiser); "I'll sacrifice my last moujik" (Czar); "I own the world (Sultan); "L'etat c'est moi" (Emperor, not President); the natural results of such imperialism being national unrest, revolution, or secret dollar diplomacy and disguised world war, until the emergence of a world State at least in politically embryonic condition. But even imperialists have social instincts, and the Czar said, essentially, when he initiated the Hague movement, "A catastrophe will come because each nation claims final sovereignty, armaments increase, and we have no appeal except each to what is in fact his tribal god." According to See, even gravitation is not independent, but modifiable by conditions.

3. *The Modern Social Mind, More or Less Consciously, Seeks to Make Society Functionally Ethical, on the Basis of the Industrial, Instead of the Militant Ideal.*—From protozoa to seventy millions on a plat like Texas, individual or nation acts as if any germ of thought is for life's sustenance and physical or spiritual terrain, sector, or salient to win a place in the sun. The pessimist holding, not evolving life, but some abstract or fixed idea, as the good, cannot be silenced, but has a disease called by Ribot anhedonia. At any particular time, the economic relation or institution of industry, including of course such interests as agriculture which engages half the world, is the chief concern with most men. It is a common life-process under social, including civic and political regulations. It is peculiraly a root of present day ethics: the machine was made for man. Political economy now shows that the true use of money is not to kill men, but to utilize labor without owning the laborers. No longer the knightly or ascetic, but the civic and industrial ideal is "the heart and core of modern ethics." There may be conflict—or paranoia—"for the pure joy of fighting" (Kipling); but normally, as Drummond said, "Life is function." Bacon's message meant turning from metaphysics to control of nature for man; and the twentieth century condition for forming ideals is the individual's ability to use environment for common welfare. As we saw, the extension of the range of persons whose common good is concerned, if not formal sense of duty, is a function of a complex variable social order. The discovery of the Western Continent increased wages in the Eastern, and weakened the excuse for war. All forms of action vary with circumstances. Hence the formula; So organize conditions as to set free individual capacities and make them available for common welfare. But the functional view recognizes the limitation of (narrow) function; the need of going on to a higher than patriotic stage demands more than adaptation to the mere national level. Only one thing is more precious than life, namely—higher life. Perhaps the transcendent God, as revealed in the vital impulses evolving into value judgments, is the embodiment of the immanent, developmental ideal inherent in our human will to live, somewhat as a writer imagined Socrates thought. Ideality is adaptation. But new births of intelligence and consequent or concomitant new ideals do not insure conscientious action. Luxury, avarice, white slavery, alcoholism, and militarism versus higher heroism, flourish in Europe and America "where wealth accumulates and men decay," tho remedial agencies like settlements, philanthropy, and

* From a paper before the Fellowship Club, May 18, 1915.

peace congresses increase also. Today the chief obstacle in the march of human welfare is war. Truly, we stand at Harmageddon, scripturally near Suez, and must battle for the Lord (or degenerate), not for the militant but industrial ideal. Said Dewey: "The conception of a social harmony of interests, in which the achievement of each by his own freedom should contribute to a like furtherance of all, is the permanent contribution of the industrial movement to morals.

Nietzche is right: The capacities of the self demand fulfillment; excellence is adorable. But, as Kant said, —"A political union of the human family is essential to the complete evolution of individual capacities." A world union not existing, as final court, the warmakers won (1914) by "leaving no time for the commercial interests to be heard from;"—and they were opposed to war, which fact shows that the industrial party has passed beyond the 'deficit economy' stage, with its military moral necessity of war and wilom concomitant slavery, cannibalism, and rape.

4. *There is no Solution of the Peace Problem while Each Nation Claims Final Sovereignty in an International Conflict of Interests.*—The above functional view that certain ideals, if suited to barbarous conditions of national life, no longer morally suffice, an international conscience having dawned, is thought modifiable by the cruel necessity of adaptation to the patriotic level in time of war. Miss Addams reports that, on the question of patriotism, both the militant and the industrial factions are then united, within each nation. (The inventor of asphyxiated gas bombs is given a university professorship.) Their attitude thus sustains Decatur's motto. The fact that in Germany the civil party finds the Belgium invasion morally wrong and not a military necessity, tho the war party justifies it because might makes right—proves that there is no peaceful, ethical resolution of the complication in the great world tragedy on the plane of mere nationalism. For the war party is in control during war, and the official leaders, unless in Belgium (against which Bernhardi said Germany had a Congo grievance), say war alone is possible. I. e., each nation claims absolute sovereignty, regarding international interests, in the sense of no appeal. But the old ideal of separate irresponsible sovereignties has broken down; the calamity has come because we have no inclusive society, or federation; which fact brings the warring nations to this reductio ad absurdum; until they can adapt their national systems to a higher level, the duty is to support the national representatives on the principle of arbitrament of the sword. Yet this, measured by the civil, industrial ideal, would mean the negation of morals and ultimate destruction of what labor builds; for if might makes right, why not universal dynamite? Already ocean mines are exploded by wireless impulses in Italy. Hence the war ideal, from the civil view, is monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens cui lumen ademptum. Moreover, even the white, red, and other books disclaim militarism, and Jagow avers that the warring nations wish for lasting peace. Wilson and William II both write of Lusitania in the name of humanity. Woolsey's International Law says, "Peace is the normal state of mankind,"—which is true, as Miss Addams finds, of the European "masses"; but a truth with no adequate political sanction.

All higher interests, such as science, art, architecture, education, and religion as a social value, are international interests; but we have no machinery, in a world-crisis, to protect those social goods, or individual rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Each warring nation pleads self-defense; with an adequate world-court, separate defense is unnecessary. If the world is an economic and scientific unit, it shall be an Internatianal Federation for neutral protection.

5. *There Is No Way to Guaranty Permanent Peace, and National Integrity, Wthout a World Tribunal; but a Council of Experienced Representatives of Neutral Nations Could Now Work for Peace, and Rely on the Support of the Non-militant Elements, if Organized for War's Abolition.*—Miss Addams finds that in every land the industrial factions, apart from some, not all, makers of arms, "feel that the war is nibbling away all civil rights" and that the only hope to end the war is in the civil factions. (There are of course peace societies, local and international, including the Women's Congress.) Thousands are in the trenches against their will and conscience. Neither the masses, the governments, nor the schools and colleges have in general, the war spirit; only the military caste with the mind of a passing generation—a significant report. It proves the type of courage changes; modern soldiers "will not charge bayonets unless officers make them drunk." Ruskin showed that old hand-to-hand courage was different from that now massed behind the biggest guns. The true soldier now sighs for saner triumphs, if sometimes equal dangers, of useful industry. Organization is the urgent need of the pregnant hour. There is sentiment enough to bring out of this conflict a higher unity. The coming, international functional ideal, i. e. the red, white and blue banner of a United States of the World (versus the black flag of militancy), will not have to symbolize Decatur's "Our country right or wrong," but Wilson's "America asks nothing for herself but that she has a right to ask for humanity." Practical men deem this movement no longer visionary, nor light-years away. Said Eliot: "An international court seems a possible issue" of the war. Ponsonby, M. P., suggests a permanent concert of Europe. Practical, detailed steps for progress were given in UNITY last fall. The writer is not competent in statesmanship to blue print destiny; but genetic study is open to all students: Prehistorically, woman founded industry, which, through toiling ages, has evolved into the new era of surplus production attained since Malthus. Hence the industrial ideal has rendered war an inexcusable anachronism, "a systematic relapse to lower and bygone stages of biological evolution." Anyone who morally grasps the fact that each should be consciously a political function in the world as a society, will somewhat further such causes as the Woman's International Congress, to focus "the pacific purpose of the planet."

> It forwards the general Deed of Man,
> And each of the many helps to recruit
> The life of the race by a general plan,
> Each living his own, to boot.

"The poet says, Dear City of Cecrops and wilt thou not say, Dear City of Zeus."

Clarence Greeley, Ph.D.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Class at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXX.
The Book of Revelation

"Hallelujah: for the Lord our God, the Almighty, reigneth." XIX: 6.

This last book in our Bible, the last book in the New Testament, closes with this ominous threat:

"I declare to all who hear the words of the prophecy contained in this book—'If anyone adds to it, God will add to his troubles the Curses described in this book; and if anyone takes away any of the words in the book containing this prophecy, God will take away his share in the Tree of Life, and in the Holy City—as described in this book."

If his text is to be taken on its face value, in line with the orthodox conception of the Bible, it is one that covers the investigator and all research workers with reproach and distrust. If the Bible is a unit from Genesis to Revelation, if it contains from the first sentence to the last an infallible message, adequate to the needs of man, without which a soul is in eternal jeopardy, then it behooves all independent thinkers to take care. But if the Bible is a rich and rare collection of ancient literature, charged with high ethics, broken with human imperfections, distorted by the carelessness and ignorance of successive generations, then this "Book of Revelation," as our translation has it, this Apocalyptic work which closes the New Testament, stands on its own feet, unrelated to anything else, and whatever this text means, it certainly applies only to the book of Revelation. We may put it alongside of Shakespeare's threat:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To dig the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

As Shakespeare had a vision of the vandal hands of the future, impressive now in the light of centuries, so this author, thrilled and exalted and inspired by his own creation, undertook to safeguard it from mutilation and disgrace, from careless and vandal hands.

From our study of the Apocryphal literature we begin to know what is meant by Apocalyptic writings. This literature revels in visions and dreams and ecstatic interpretations of life. Enoch, Baruch, Moses and Isaiah, Daniel and the rest of them, were drafted into the service of the poets and moralists of the first and second centuries B. C. and the first century A. D. to carry their messages.

The prophetic, the preaching era of Jewish life of which Isaiah and Jeremiah, Amos and Micah, are the splendid representatives, had given way, broken down under the political and military humiliations of the Jews when Jerusalem was sacked and abandoned and the handful of Jews carried off to Babylon. The spirit of prophecy, the Charles Sumner spirit, seems to have disappeared and there came instead these dreamers who dared, these poets who were inspired by visions of something that was going to come. These dreamers clothed their message in poetry. The people would not have stood it if given in straight, plain prose. Lowell, Whittier and their contemporaries spoke as radically and as searchingly as ever Wendell Phillips, but they never underwent the distrust, reproach, suspicion he did, and yet they were the power of the anti-slavery movement. So this dream literature, mystical poetry, represents a suppressed and submerged and a defeated people, still possessing an inner hope. It began with Ezekiel, the prophetic dreamer in whom the great prophet disappears and the great poet comes. We have his visions of wheels within wheels, lions, bulls and things in the air. This kind of literature reached its maximum in the book of Daniel, the writer of which was not Daniel but a poet, who, in the hard pressing time of the Maccabean era in Jewish history, caught up this dream of ultimate triumph and wove it into a rhapsody. The Book of Daniel is an attempt to write history mystically and metaphysically. In it we have the image with head of gold, its breast and arms of silver, its thighs of brass, its legs of clay, etc., which fits in a certain way into the history of the time.

This is the kind of literature represented by the Book of Revelation, which is full of meaning and beauty, if we had the patience to dig it out and wit enough to understand it, and that something else that would make us free enough to take it at its real worth. We are sure that it is poetry and not prose, as far removed from scientific and augumentative writing as you can get.

We do not have much trouble in fixing the date at about 95 B. C., during the second and fiercest persecution of the Jews which took place under the Emperor Domitian. In 65 they were persecuted under Nero, who caused the burning of Rome and doubtless destroyed a good many Christians, but Domitian systematically went on the theory that the Christian movement must be suppressed and used the strong arm of the government to accomplish his end. During this period this revelator, this poet, wrote this mystical thing, the theory being that it was intended to be "sealed," to be allegorical. It is probably a literary unit and is the only poem in the New Testament with a mystical intention and a spiritual content. It is thought to be written by a Jewish Christian because the quotations from the Old Testament are made from a Hebraic standpoint. It is clear that the author is thinking in Hebrew and writing in poor Greek.

This is an outline, given by Prof. Bacon.

Chapters I-III. Messages to the Seven Churches (Read message to Laodicaea p. 501).
Chapters IV to VII. Vision of the Seven Seals.
Chapters VII to XII. Vision of Seven Trumpet Blasts.
Chapters XII and XIII. The Messiah arrayed against the Dragon.
Chapters XIII. The Beast.
Chapter XIV. The Lamb.
Chapters XV and XVI. The Seven Curses.
Chapter XVII-XX. Seven Vials of Wrath of God culminating in the overthrow of Babylon, which is Rome.

The book closes with a vision of the heavenly Jerusalem, a favorite passage with preachers, the vision of the coming of the Bridegroom, appearance

of the Bride and the City of God let down from heaven and established here on earth. It should be read aloud, and like all poetry, should be studied at first synthetically and not analytically.

This book has been the comfort of Adventists, Millerites and Christian Scientists. The Swedenborgians straighten it out as straight as a string.

James Morgan Pryse has compiled "The Restored New Testament," sumptuously bound and beautifully illustrated, rendering the Apocalypse in verse and making the book a great secret society ritual into which John was initiated, and he has managed to run it into the stream of the far-off mysticism, the Brahminic lore, the Mythra religion of that day and place.

We like this book, but few of us find the time to give to the mastery of this side of religion or of literature. Not because we deny it, but because the things near and common, the ordinary events of human experience, are more compelling, more mastering.

There are four reasons why we should prize this book:

1. It has been inspiration, comfort and illumination to innumerable people.
2. It is a classic in literature. It has within itself literary qualities which render it perennial and worthy of study.
3. It belongs to that literature altogether too scarce and too much neglected—the literature of hope, the dream of a better world, a new regime on earth.
4. Lastly, it is shot through and through with contributions to the spiritual life. It touches the emotions, it is allied to the unseen, the intangible, the spiritual life.

It commands our respect as a prayer wheel in India commands respect, though it may not minister directly to us. This old poet had a narrow conception of the world, a limited idea of the past and an impossible view of the future, but at the same time he points to the larger vision opening up to succeeding generations.

I. What does "apocalyptic" mean?
II. What are the apocalyptic writings to be found in the Bible?
III. Why should the book of Revelation be prized?
IV. What is the probable date of its writing?
V. What was the situation of the Christian at that time?

A RAINY DAY.

When I woke up and saw the rain
In blurs upon the window-pane,
I said I hated such a day
Because I couldn't run and play
Out in the sunshine and the grass.
It's queer how such a day can pass
So soon before I know it 'most;
Now while I eat my milk and toast
Before I go to bed—I think
I never had a day so *pink*
And bright when sun could make the shine—
This whole day long has been just mine
And mother's in the fireplace glow—
Because it rained—it made it so.

—*Aileen Cleveland Higgins.*

Sunkaa the Prophet of Assam

Your readers may see a strip of country in map of India marked on the northeast frontier. The basin is chiefly drained by the Brahmaputra and its tributaries. Its population is 72,500,000. The land is very productive, and its export of teas to foreign countries is widely known. It is rich in other products, such as lime, coal, petroleum, lac, rubber, orange, rice, silk and hides. The tea industry is chiefly exploited by Europeans, and but for the indolence of its native population the country is not above its sister provinces. Yet the people in general are not poor in comparison with other provinces.

The sting of the present war in Europe is not so palpably felt here as in other provinces.

Now, to begin with, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries witnessed a religious Reformation in Europe as well as in India. What Martin Luther, John Wycliff, John Huss, Savonarola, Servitus had done in Europe, the same in Nepal by Hari Vyasa and in different parts of India by Ramanada, Ramanuj, Chaityna, Nanak, Kabir, Tulsidas. The scope of the latter is *Mutatis Mutandi,* the same with that of the former.

The former essayed to denude Christianity of its long-heaped corruptions, while the latter the corruptions of the Vedic religion.

While the bell of Reformation was rung everywhere in Europe and India, Assam, a small integral part, did not lag behind.

Born in the year 1449 A. D., Sunkar was contemporaneous with Chaityna, the prophet of Bengal. The ancestor of Sunkar, Chandivar, was a hostage by Dharmesvni, king of Bengal, to Gauresour, king of Assam. He was dubbed with the title of *Bhuyan* by the latter king.

Chandivar was assigned a place called Alipukhari near Bordnar in Nowgong, Assam.

Kusampiri was the greatgrandson of Chandivar. Sunkar Dei was the son of this man, who was born at Alipukhari near Bordnar.

Like all saints and sages, he early showed an extraordinary liking for religion, and at a tender age undertook a pilgrimage to the sacred places of Bengal.

Why was he tempted to reform Hinduism?

Because he found his country people, *Saktas,* who not only indulged in animal sacrifices to the deity, but also in human sacrifices. The religion of *Upanishads* (a part of Vedas) was dimmed and mystified by externals, just as was Judaism during the time of Jesus Christ. In his early years, Sunkar imbibed an aversion to idolatry, and his subsequent investigation into ancient Hindu scriptures confirmed his embryo idea.

His poems, composed in his own tongue, make religion a simple matter, depending upon the frequent recitation of the Divine Name, inculcating withal a chaste mind and a chaste body. He even does away with pilgrimage, which he himself undertook, and all forms of objective ceremonies. Albeit he was married twice, he led an ascetic life by bridling his passions, aiming his whole life Godwards; he directed others to follow that course.

The precept of Jesus Christ, "A prophet is not honored in his own time," was literally fulfilled in his case. The Brahmins—the Pharisees of India—looked upon him as an upstart, who, being a Sudra, had no claim to teach people religion. Accordingly they instigated the reigning king of Assam—Chuhamung—to try Sunkar for sedition, as his teachings were, according to them, likely to create dissatisfaction. Even now, the Assam Brahmins are loath to admit his divinity. The charge fell through. Though Chuhamung found no accusation against him, he was bent upon to find fault with him. An order came from the king to assist his agents in the capture of wild elephants in the quarters where Sunkar and his followers resided. This practice of elephant catching by private individuals by paying royalty to the government is still in vogue. Sunkar either offered no help or did not take sufficient care to provide for the safety of the Palisades; consequently all entrapped animals had made escape.

The king's fury knew no bounds; he sent officers to seize the persons of Sunkar and his disciples. Sunkar could not be found, but Madhab, his disciple, and Hari (who married Sunkar's daughter by his first wife) were arrested and brought before the king.

Hari was beheaded at once; Madhab, incarcerated but not killed, out of his personal sanctity. Sunkar fled from upper Assam to Barpeta in Ganhati, which was then under the Rajah of Cooch-Behas in Bengal. Here he freely preached his new doctrines, made many proselytes.

His fame soon spread abroad, and the king of Cooch-Behar invited him to his palace. He was highly pleased with his discourses. He went there from time to time, sometimes of his own accord, and sometimes in deference to king's wishes. He attained high longevity owing to his simplicity and purity of life. He lived 119 years, died in the year 1568 A. D. Out of this he devoted 60 years to the cause of religion.

Excepting the Brahmins and the semi-civilized tribes of Assam, all follow his tenets evolved out of ancient Hindu scriptures.

Sunkar was a great religious and social reformer, but he never claimed to divine incarnation. Albeit he is looked upon as such incarnation. He is not worshipped as such by his disciples, much less by Brahmins, hill and other lower tribes.

Like Chaityana, he had adjured the aversion of all sorts of killing animals, either for food or sacrificial purposes to deity. He was a strict moralist and opposed to all sensual pleasures. He was succeeded by Madhab, a worthy disciple of a worthy master.

Madhab's ancestor was one of the seven Kayasthas, who were given by Dharmasvar as hostage to Gamesvar, the Assam king. How he met Sunkar and became his disciple is somewhat unique episode. Madhab showed signs of early predilection for religion. He believed in Hindu idolatry, all gods and goddesses.

Before meeting his master he had lost his father in Bengal, but ere long when the grief of his father's death was racking his heart, his mother became seriously ill in Assam. In the anguish of mind he made a vow that should ever his mother recover he would offer upon the altar of the goddess a black kid of no blemish.

The mother eventually recovered, and the sincere-hearted son waited for the yearly festival of the goddess. When the time came, he had sent his sister's husband, Ramdas, to buy a kid for sacrifice.

On his way he found Sunkar preaching. On hearing his errand, Sunkar convinced him of his folly in killing animals before the deity. Ramdas now returned without buying any, and Madhab's rage knew no bounds.

He then explained what he had heard from Sunkar. Madhab's soul was budding under sunshine; when it received its flash it instantly blossomed.

Next day Madhab visited Sunkar. When the latter convinced him of his folly in animal sacrifice, the former became his fast disciple, and the union was never dissolved. His vow to the deity remained unperformed.

Madhab led a life of celibacy, and both master and pupil frequently visited the king of Cooch-Behar, where long debates were held with the state Pundits. When Sunkar went for the last time, he threw his ecclesiastical mantle upon Madhab instead of his sons. Damodar, a Brahmin, was also his chief disciple.

His chief disciple, his descendants and himself made many *Shastras* (monasteries) throughout Assam from Delomgarh (northeast of Assam) to Cooch-Behar in Bengal. Chief among the *Shastras* is the Annihati *Shastra* in Sibsagar. The religion in each *Shastra* is more or less *Vaishnavism* of Chaityna *minus* immorality among the latter's followers.

SARET CHANDRA CHAKRAVARTH.

Golaghat, Assam, India, Aug. 10.

THE ENGLISH FLAG.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN AND HIS SON.

"It is the flag of England!
  Stainless, against the sky,
Where is the land but sees it
  Floating in majesty?

"It gleams on every shore-line,
  Where progress forward sweeps,
Beyond the furthest forests,
  Beyond the stormiest deeps.

"And wheresoe'er man's spirit
  Fares on, it streams before,
Like Noah's dove, or lightning
  From Sinai flashed of yore.

"Forget the days of tempest,
  And low, my son, incline,
Because today this banner
  Floats o'er thy head and mine."

"Father—forgive my daring—
  Have *we* not also one?"
"Ah, yes, there is another,
  To kneel and kiss, my son!"

—*Louis Frechette.*

Translated by Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

Sensitive About It

"Ah," said the visitor; "this village boasts a choral society, I understand."

"No," said the native, "we never boast of it."

—*Christian Register.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER.
VI.

During my three years of banishment I have sometimes contemplated writing a "Tower Hill Letter From an Exile." I have so often found myself hungering for the sort of personal mention without which a Tower Hill letter could hardly be recognized as itself, that, having been permitted to come back, I can now see a once hidden reason for this column in UNITY. I therefore do as I am bid and write without protest, as I did not in the past, though I have long since written myself out on the subject of Tower Hill and cannot write a stroke of the pen without fear of plagiarizing from myself or others.

To return to Tower Hill after a three years' absence is to find little change except that of growth. The abundant rains of the summer, which, in many places, have been a menace to comfort and convenience, have run off readily through the sandy loam and kept all vegetation at its best. The foliage, which usually becomes scanty and ragged in August, has still the luxuriance of early July, though autumn has already begun to fling out her banners of crimson and gold. Scarlet patches of sumac are beginning to appear here and there on the hillsides, while the Virginia creeper, choke-cherry and soft maple are flashing out their annual miracle and the swamps are royal with Joe Pye-weed's purple splendor and aflame with cardinal flower. The clump of pines half way down the hill have grown out of little girlhood in short petticoats to tall young maidenhood, and the juniper cup and saucer on the front lawn have grown into full-sized bowl and platter. (Only it isn't a lawn and wouldn't for the world be anything but shaggy meadow grass on the slope where the sand burrs used to revel, lying in wait to victimize the unwary). Two neat little cottages, the Althea and the Annie Laurie, twin models of comfort and convenience, have risen Phoenix-like on the river's brim, not exactly out of the ashes, but literally out of the remains of the old Unity Iroquois "long-houses." On the farm at the foot of the hill is the handsome herd of Jerseys, with their new up-to-date stanchions—I believe that is the word, anyway the cows know their own by heart, by name and number, from Beauty to Calliope and from Daisy to Rebecca,—and their scientific tests; but the best test is in the dining-hall, where we eat their rich cream and yellow butter, with the fine products of our own garden and the fish from our own river.

Of the fifteen birds which the little three- and four-year-old brothers have learned to know by sight, by name and by note—they themselves when clad in their little red Jersey suits, claimed to be "scarlet tanagers, chip-chur"—most are now silent ,if not already flown to summer lands. The brown thrush has not been heard since the latest cliff-dweller arrived. The whip-poor-will, which, this summer, is reported as unusually friendly, having forgotten its old shyness and made several visits to the very porches of the cottages—have the years of friendly non-disturbance begun to make their impression?—still call one another fitfully from tree-top to tree-top in their more distant haunts. The hoot-owl still nests over the cliff-side and is true to his name, as the cottager on the brow of the cliff can testify. It has been interesting—sometimes—to listen night after night to the evolution of the crude call of the young owls, which, in its various stages, might be taken for the cry of a young wild kitten, a coyote, or, worst of all, for a human imitation of almost any blood-curdling monster of the woods. "Say who-who-who-who-who-aw," commands father and mother owl, one after the other, with perfect accent and meter, each from his or her own tree, a hundred times a night by actual count. "Yip," says one little owl; "yap," says the other, a hundred and one times the same night, and improvement is difficult to discern by human ears. The pedagogy of the old birds appears to consist in simple, maddening reiteration, with the patience and persistence worthy of a better cause, until the untranslatable "yip-yap" of the young ones is at length transformed into the perfect "who-who-who-who-who-all" of the finished owl musician. The method may be open to criticism, but the result is worthy of a Montessori, and if one wearies of the process before the owlets receive their degree there is nothing to hinder one from moving to the other side of the hill. There is always another way.

The summer school is over and the intellectual strenuosities of the hill were mostly gone by when the latest cliff-dweller arrived, but echoes of its notes remained, the bird woman still lingered a few more days, and the crumbs of the feast were still scattered for the empty crop of the latest newcomer. The head of the hill has been, for some days, absent, preaching peace east and west, from Iowa to Pennsylvania, but before he left the remnants of the Sixth Wisconsin Battery held their annual reunion at Lone Rock. The women, as usual, set out a generous dinner, which was met by generous appetities on the part of the veterans and the usual array of camp-followers, including an auto full of residents of the hill. The bugler was out of practice and we missed the taps and reveille. There were no set speeches, but the long roll-call, with its long silences and few responses, was a touching rite, and in the informal talk that followed, the man from the hill was once more, as ever, the inspiration. A debt of fifty dollars for fencing the Battery Park was lifted in a few minutes and plans were laid for the improvement and beautifying of the park, in which stands the Battery monument, a simple shaft bearing the names of the "Battery boys" and erected many years ago. As we studied the monument the touching story was recalled of "Nigger Henry," the Battery cook, who, at the Battle of Corinth, rode his horse four times under a plunging fire of minie balls to a spring to bring back water. Two or three times his horse was shot from under him and he returned on foot with his canteens full of the precious liquid, which meant life to the thirsty soldiers. After the monument had been placed it was discovered that the name of "Nigger Henry," who was not enlisted and was not even a private in the ranks, had been omitted. With some difficulty space was found, and the name of "Henry Ashby, Private," the negro cook, was engraved under those of the non-commissioned officers.

Many times during these last leisurely days the splendid roads and the smooth-running Ford have lured us away to rides long or short, to Spring Green, to Arena, to Mazomanie, to Prairie du Sac, anywhere for an excuse. But the best was reserved for the last—a three days' ride over the wooded hills and through the treasure valleys of southern Wisconsin, by way of the sightly little city of Bara-

boo, set on an hill whose lights can not be hid, to Portage, as the geographies call it, though its real name is Friendship Village, for it is the home of Zona Gale and the place where she first practically worked out the dream of social service, which she afterwards embodied in the delightful Friendship Village stories, the reversed "Dream of John Ball," first of the world's Utopians to be tested and found workable before its spirit was released to walk up and down the earth for fancy and for delight and for inspiration.

Here Mr. Jones was to speak at the Columbia County Fair on Thursday. The Wednesday night downpour and the consequent impassable roads prohibited the morning address which had been planned, but the afternoon brought together a thoughtful and appreciative audience. The preacher from Chicago held his own for a full hour against the attractions and distractions of the Egyptian palm-reader and the fattest woman in the world, and in the evening an almost impromptu union meeting was held in the Presbyterian church through the kindly invitation of its minister, giving an opportunity for a more deliberate word on the subject of such profound interest to many minds today, that of disarmament and the ways and means looking towards a permanent world peace.

And still it was not too late after leaving the church for a prolonged executive session of the party from Tower Hill with Zona Gale and our gracious host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Quackenbush, looking towards the promotion of peace work in Wisconsin and elsewhere. Next morning Miss Gale came in from her home next door, and the breakfast hour was utilized for a continued session, this time to formulate plans for next summer's work at Tower Hill. Plans were discussed which would inaugurate a new regime in the history of the Tower Hill Summer School, enlisting new workers to consider the new problems of the day that will appeal to a wider constituency. Details of the plan are most interesting, but we must not anticipae the action of the committee whose announcements will be forthcoming in due time.

The conference over, we left our friends of Friendship Village with regret, and proceeded on our way homeward, part of the way by splendid turnpikes, stopping at the Dells of Wisconsin. Here we refreshed our spirits for an hour in the canyons where the processes of creation are brought visibly near. Patience was the word graven on the stone, the revelation of the rocks bared to human sight by the age-long work of the waters.

The afternoon wore rapidly away and sunset brought us home to Tower Hill and the river, gray and purple in the evening mist. And the scribe of the party took with her out of the twilight into the night these lines of Arthur Guiterman's:

I want my hills! the trail
That scorns the hollow.
Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow.
. . . . . .
So let me hold my way,
By nothing halted,
Until at close of day
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—
Dear hills that know me!
And then how fair will seem
The lands below me!

How pure at vesper time
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb
And strength for climbing.

E. H. W.

September 19, 1915.

MORAL CONDITIONS AT THE PANAMA EXPOSITION.

It will be remembered that the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, supported by all its constituent bodies and by local and state federations of churches, took measures long before the exposition opened, to induce the authorities of the exposition and the city of San Francisco to maintain a high moral tone within and without the grounds.

Both the exposition authorities and the mayor of San Francisco insisted that it would be so and issued public statements to that effect.

In June the council sent out a report from Dr. Thomas D. Eliot of the American Social Hygiene Association, showing that these promises had amounted to little or nothing.

The Council now issues a report from Bascom Johnson, counsel of the Social Hygiene Association, who was sent to San Francisco for further investigation, which appears in full in the September issue of "Social Hygiene." It is far more serious than the previous one by Dr. Eliot.

Within the exposition are several concessions, maintained despite protests specifically against them, which are deplorably vicious, portraying sexual indecencies, including even exhibitions of entire nudity. Known professional prostitutes are tolerated and certain conditions which were declared as being too bad to be allowed in the city itself, are permitted in these concessions.

In the city itself open prostitution is allowed and in one district, Mr. Johnson says: "It is estimated that there are from 600 to 1,000 women on duty, the policemen being there apparently to prevent anything that would interfere with the orderly and profitable traffic in vice." These houses are open and investigators report seeing 75 men and boys entering within ten minutes. They are among the "sights" of the city.

Cabarets in the center of the city are set up with every convenience for securing vicious women.

Summing up his report, Mr. Johnson says: "In spite of announcements of officials to the contrary, San Francisco remains one of the few large cities of this country where prostitution is frankly and openly tolerated. Here also little or no effective supervision and regulation of dance halls, rooming houses, cafes, and other public places, where prostitutes ply their trade is provided. The natural and inevitable result has been that San Francisco has become the mecca for the underworld, and that for every such addition to her population the problem is rendered that much more difficult."

Mr. Johnson tells also of the counteracting work of the Federal Council Committee of One Hundred, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the California Social Hygiene Association, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young Women's Christian Association, but intimates that, with little or no support from the exposition and city officials, the tide of vice is too strong for them.

Among the reasons alleged are that the officials originally intended to keep faith, but that they have been influenced by financial necessities.

We print the above bulletin in full as it comes from the press service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, dated September 10, 1915, bearing the countersign of the general secretary, Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, because we believe these things ought to be known. Let the truth be told; let the light be turned on; it is cleansing.

—Editor of Unity.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore has achieved the ambition of making the people's songs, says a writer in the "Daily Chronicle. Mr. Ernest Rhys, in his monograph on the Indian poet, tells how Mr. Montagu, as Under-Secretary of State for India, was once riding through an Indian forest, and sat down tired, with some men, who had built a fire in a clearing. To them out of the forest came a poor-looking, ill-clad youth and sat down by the fire, where the others took their turn at song. The boy's turn came, the writer goes on to sav, 'and he sang a song more beautiful in words' and music than the rest. When asked who had made the song he said that "he did not know; they were singing these songs everywhere." It was long afterwards that Mr. Montagu heard the songs again far away from India, and —the name of Rabindranath Tagore.

—*Indian Messenger.*

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